

PEOPLE & THINGS: By ATTICUS

THERE is a friendly atmosphere about the American Embassy in Grosvenor Square, as it, like the island in Barrie's play, it liked to be visited. The young lady who is the receptionist in the ante-chamber to the Ambassador's office gives the impression of being genuinely pleased that you have turned up.

Nor was the new Ambassador any less cordial when I kept my appointment with him. Here is a man who has lived ten lives in one and looks much younger than his fifty-two years. In type he might be a submarine commander on shore leave.

It is an accepted fact that the personal cost of being American Ambassador to the

affection of long association. And, as everyone knows, he played a gallant role in the second war, when he was captured in the South of France by the Germans while working with the underground *maquis* movement, and then escaped by jumping from a train.

In the popular tradition he is an enthusiastic golfer, and he has frequently partnered President Eisenhower. When I asked him for a frank appraisal of the President's golf he said that Mr. Eisenhower's swing was admirable but, owing to an old foot injury, not quite complete. "But he drives the ball a good 220 yards," said the Ambassador. Not bad.

Dirty Work

Finding Mr. Whitney in such an amiable mood I ventured to mention the unhappy official custom of taking fingerprints of those who intend to visit the land of the free. Last year I went to the special office where this ceremony takes place and after a young man had obtained a particularly villainous set of imprints I washed my hands over and over again feeling, like Lady Macbeth, that nothing would ever cleanse them.

The Ambassador smiled but was not impressed.

It is all to the good that in this important era in Anglo-American relations there should be accredited to the Court of St. James's so able and so knowledgeable an Ambassador who has an independence of thought, a record of achievement in many walks of life, and an affectionate understanding of our failings and our virtues.

Hot Stuff

SOMETHING tells me that when the House of Commons discusses the alleged indiscretion of Sir David Eccles tomorrow Walter Bromley-Davenport will strike a blow or two. He was an enthusiastic boxer in his younger days and possessed a formidable right-hand punch.

One night in a hot debate in the House a Socialist M.P. with a somewhat smothered style of speech was pouring ridicule and

contumely upon the Tories. At last, Bromley-Davenport felt that it was time to intervene.

"Mr. Speaker, Sir," he roared. "Is it in order for the honourable gentleman to address the House with a hot potato in his mouth?" It was not elegant but it was effective.

Sir David may not need assistance. As Minister of Education he rode the storm over teachers' pensions for many days and nights and emerged unmarked.

A Woman in the House

WHATEVER else may be said about women Members of Parliament, no one can deny their infinite variety. From Lady Astor, the pioneer, to Lady Megan Lloyd George, the victor at Carmarthen, the female of the political species has been more individualistic than the male.

In the matter of dress it is a photo-finish between Dr. Edith Summerskill, Miss Joan Vickers, and Miss Jennie Lee, who refuses to bury her political identity as Mrs. Aneurin Bevan. For what is known as "dead pan" humour no one can challenge Mrs. Jean Mann, whose facial expression gives no warning of the thrust to come.

Oratorically Lady Megan is what might be described as a twinkling-eyed assassin. Like her father she has a beautifully produced voice, but her words are as sharp-pointed as a dagger. As Lady Gammans is certain to hold Horsey, we shall have to reckon with 27 women M.P.s in the wordy warfare of Westminster. On balance they have won their place. They bring more than a touch of variety to the black-coated, pin-stripe-trousered regimentation of the men.

Man of Power

QUITE rightly the newspapers have given much space to the labour troubles of Briggs Motor Bodies factory at Dagenham, yet the man who has probably more than most to do with the settlement, if and

was a showman whose public utterances would be crowned with constant headlines. In fact, when Lord Chandos invited him to address the annual Conference of Directors in London, Lord Bracken resigned his membership in protest.

Industry's Partnership

Yet the fact remains that Mr. Cousins is really the great unknown of the trade union movement. He is the very opposite of the popular impression created at Brighton. He is tall, slim, thoughtful and soft-spoken. In fact, he would have looked completely at home among the directors.

Mr. Cousins worked in the pits as a boy "because I could earn more money that way." His voice and his words are thoughtful and without bitterness. He knows the interests of organised labour can be secured only by a working partnership with management.

The miracle is that a man of his type should have risen to such a position of power in a period of prolonged and bitter labour troubles. It is dangerous to prophesy, but if capital and labour should achieve a genuine partnership it might well be that the tall, thoughtful Frank Cousins had much to do with it.

The Pope and Pain

MANY people must have been startled by the newspaper accounts of the address delivered by the Pope to a gathering of Italian and foreign doctors on the moral problems of pain and anaesthesia. His Holiness, answering the question whether it was lawful to use drugs for the lessening of pain even if it meant a shortening of life, declared: "If the intensity and duration of this treatment is patiently reckoned and the patient consents to it, then there is no objection: the use of anaesthetics is morally permissible."

This independence of thought does not surprise me. At the time of Mr. Chamberlain's visit to Rome in 1939 I had a long audience with the then Cardinal Pacelli (now the Pope) who held the post of Foreign Secretary at the Vatican.

With complete frankness he discussed both the Fascists and the Nazis in their relation to the possibility of war, nor did he fail to point out the faults of the Western Alliance. I was with him for nearly an hour and came away with the feeling that here was a man of courage and compassion, a man who valued tradition but would support to the death the independence of the human spirit.

The Pope is an old man now but it is good to know that his independence of spirit survives.

Tribute from Canada

THERE were three wives of former Governor-Generals of Canada at the service in St. Paul's Cathedral last Wednesday afternoon—Lady Willingdon, the Dowager Lady Bessborough and Lady Alexander of Tunis. It was on the occasion of the presentation and dedication of the death of the Independence of the human spirit. Club of London.

When St. Paul's was blighted the original flag was destroyed: it had been placed there in 1935 to commemorate

the Silver Jubilee of King George V. As St. Paul's is the parish church of Canadians in London it seemed a great pity that there was no record of it, for not even a shred had been left.

The new emblem is an exact duplicate of the original and has been exquisitely worked by the Royal School of Needlework. It now hangs high against the grey stones of the south transept, "in token of our common heritage and fellowship."

In these days when the word "Empire" makes men blush, and colonies are denounced as relics of imperial exploitation, it is good that the Canadians in London should proclaim their pride and their faith.

People and Words

"Make your first million by the time you are twenty-one. Otherwise you haven't a chance."

—MR. ARISTOTLE ONASSIS.

"We in the House of Commons think of hats as something our opponents insist on talking through and something our supporters think we should produce rabbits out of."

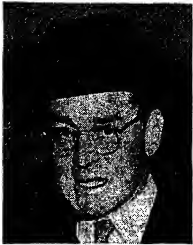
—MR. DEREK WALKER-SMITH, M.P.

"All we ever wanted and want is a little bit of tranquillity and privacy around this palace."

—PRINCE RAINIER OF MONACO.

"If Moses had been a committee the Israelites would still be in Egypt, which would have saved us a great deal of trouble today."

—DOCTOR MARSHALL LYN BARRAN



"JOCK" WHITNEY

Court of St. James's is so heavy that the appointment is beyond the means of the normal career diplomat. Thus it has become the custom to select men of wealth and position such as Joseph Kennedy, Winthrop Aldrich and now "Jock" Whitney, to give him the name by which he is universally known.

Not even one's desire to strengthen the Anglo-American alliance would justify the claim that this system of appointing Ambassadors is uniformly successful. Yet there are many reasons to believe that John Hay Whitney will not only be popular but an outstanding success.

He was at Oxford in the roaring twenties and looks upon this country with the

speech was pouring ridicule and



MR. FRANK COUSINS

when it is achieved, remains one of the most powerful and enigmatic figures of our time. I refer to Mr. Frank Cousins, general secretary of the Transport and General Workers Union, and the unchallenged leader of the T.U.C. General Council.

It will be remembered that when Mr. Harold Macmillan, then Chancellor of the Exchequer, offered to address the T.U.C. Conference at Brighton, Mr. Cousins not only refused the offer but added the words: "What does he think this is—a film festival?"

Though the jest was both undignified and foolish, it made Mr. Cousins famous overnight. Everyone assumed that here